

The Survivor's Debt

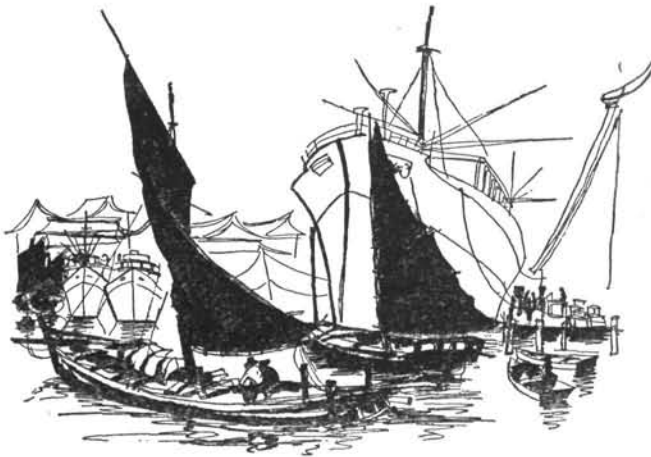
—William Pfaff

THE

Commonweal

The Burden of Arms

by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn



Slow Boat to Freedom

by Howard R. Simpson

Martin Turnell

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Vivian Mercier

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THE COMMONWEAL
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Editor

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor

JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors

WILLIAM P. CLANCY, WILLIAM PFAFF

Contributing Editors:

PHILIP BURNHAM

JOHN C. CORT

ANNE FREMANTLE

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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The Commonweal

week by week

THE MENDES-FRANCE PERFORMANCE

MONTHS ago, when EDC was laid out on the block for execution, its advocates insisted that it still could have been put through the French Assembly. The vote on German rearmament held in Paris in December proved how wrong those estimates were. Even that skilled prestidigitator of the international stage, M. Pierre Mendès-France, was barely able to get approval for a form of German rearmament which had been rebuilt to cover complaints. He got approval, but the idea which a good many of the deputies seemed to harbor was that Mendès-France would be permitted to take the blame for the unpopular but inevitable German rearmament—and then M. Mendès-France would be put aside. *The Economist* quoted the cynic who observed after the debate: “He’d better think of the future and stage his exit.”

Aside from the Communists, the most consistent bitterness against the Mendès-France government is found among the deputies of the Catholic MRP. That two groups dedicated to a moderate, pro-Western foreign policy should be so deeply divided cannot but dismay France’s friends abroad. Mendès-France’s group of young politicians and journalists took office with a barrage of unnecessarily harsh criticism for the MRP foreign ministers who had preceded them. In so doing they won the apparently undying enmity of the MRP. The MRP made it as hard as they could for the rearmament agreement to pass—always taking care to see to it that it *did* pass. They now would like to see the curtain fall on Mendès-France.

Whether he is defeated now or not, Mendès-France will be a hard man for France to forget. He has great popular support, but is opposed both by political groups humiliated by him and by some of France’s most powerful economic interests. He has the milk lobby with him, but France is not Wisconsin. If his government should be defeated early in 1955, the event would undoubtedly bring a considerable public reaction, and if the succeeding premier could not live up to the demanding style established (the present premier will be a hard

act to follow) by Mendès-France, the latter could expect an early return to power—greater power than he commands today.

MENDÈS-FRANCE, however, is too prudent to depend on hypothetical vindications. He has three more points on his list of important business. Each could strengthen him.

The first is the creation of a European arms pool. Such an arrangement would give to a supranational agency control over the standardization, distribution and, eventually, the production of military weapons in Western Europe. It is problematical whether this can be achieved, as both Germany and the United States have reservations about the idea. But it is extremely attractive to the French, offering to the MRP “Europeans” another piece of that supranational machinery which a few weeks ago seemed entirely lost, and offering to the Socialists and Gaullists stronger controls over Germany.

The second point on the Mendès-France list is the most-publicized and least-defined element in the whole program: the publication of a plan for rationalization of the French economy. When it comes, if it comes, it will undoubtedly hurt many powerful French business interests. It will bring few immediate benefits to the public. Whether it strengthens or hurts Mendès-France will depend on how skilfully it is publicized, and how well it will stick in the public mind even if the government which proposed it falls. The Mendès-France government is notably adept at public relations.

The third point on the list is one which is likely to be more helpful to Mendès-France as promise than as fact. It is a new conference with Russia, held after the ratification of German rearmament, of course, but before troops have taken to the parade grounds. Promising such a conference was a prerequisite to obtaining the support in the rearmament debate of the left-Gaullists and Socialists, but it is hard to see how it can break out of

the old impasse. The problem of the future of Germany can only be settled in a framework of the natural development of an inherently powerful state. That is to say, artificial neutralization, the suspending of Germany in international space, won't work. And neutralization seems the only basis on which Russia would permit unification.

But the conference is not due until late spring. In the meantime M. Mendès-France will be busy 're-Europeanizing' the rearmament treaty and making his attack on the French economy. He will be pushing his opponents hard, and he knows that a moving target is difficult to hit.

SNAG IN SURPLUS DISPOSAL

THERE can be no satisfactory long-term program for the American farmer until our present mountainous commodity surpluses are brought low. Hence there is much encouragement in the year-end report that the rate of accumulation has finally been checked and that government stocks of certain commodities are even diminishing. The Eisenhower government considers this a truly solid achievement.

The Foreign Operations Administration has been serving as one agency to bring this about by giving away surplus stocks under foreign aid. It has disposed of fifty million dollars worth in this manner.

The Department of Agriculture has taken the larger part of the three-year, billion-dollar surplus disposal program under its own wing. It concludes export agreements with various countries for commodity shipments that are for the most part to

be paid for in local currencies (not dollars). These sums can then be loaned for a long term to the importing country to build up its own national economy. Moreover these arrangements provide that the recipient country keep on buying its "normal" quantities of the commodity in question from its regular suppliers.

A program of this sort has characteristics of a statesmanlike approach. It should make some real inroads into our own vast stocks of farm surpluses. It is solicitous not only for the immediate needs of other peoples but even for an expansion of their national economies for the longer pull. It takes seriously into account existing trade relationships so that none of these shipments can be construed as the "dumping" of our surpluses on the world market.

But Burma and Thailand now claim that such arrangements seriously threaten markets for their rice, exports that play a key role in their national economies. They are the two principal Asian exporters of that important staple. Thailand is a member of SEATO and one of our staunchest friends in the Orient; Burma is neutralist. This protest will tend to hold up the disposal program—in Asia at least—until further refinements can be worked out. A formula must be found, for our own surplus problem persists, and Asian peoples and Asian economies, among others, have much to gain from the receipt of these surpluses.

THE SECURITY QUESTION

THE dismissal of John Paton Davies from the State Department after twenty-three years of service, quickly followed by the dismissal of Wolf Ladejinsky from the Department of Agriculture even though he had security clearance and a record of outstanding service with the State Department, might result in some good if they lead to a thorough, unpartisan re-examination of the Administration's security program. Both of these cases, with their attendant confusions and absurdities, have brought to public notice what private commentators have observed from the beginning: the Administration's rule of dismissing a man from government service unless his employment can be proved "clearly consistent with the national interest" must lead to demoralization of the government service and great injustice to many individuals.

As has been pointed out before, under this "clearly consistent" rule no man is safe. From any man's record something can be gathered which, standing alone, makes him a possible "risk." This is a rule not for men but for angels, and, unfor-

NEXT WEEK

ALFRED F. HERRIGAN, president of Bellarmine College, Louisville, Kentucky, writes, in the mid-term Education issue, about the problems confronting the small college:

"Facilities and faculties can be spread so thin as to threaten the fulfillment of the basic purposes for which the colleges have been established. It seems, then, that the average small Catholic college is going to have to take a deep breath, say a fervent prayer, and prepare to do in fifteen years an expansion and reorganization job which normally would be a formidable undertaking even if spread over a full century. By almost any standard of judgment, one would conclude that the task is impossible. But since most of the accomplishments of the Catholic school system in the United States have been similarly 'impossible,' there may be little point in making the observation."

tunately, there are no angels available for government service.

The Eisenhower Administration, of course, brought the present situation upon itself. During the 1952 campaign, and long before, Republican orators tried to frighten the nation to death with talk of security risks crawling by the thousands through Democratic government agencies. When the Republicans came to power, consequently, they *had* to make some show of "absolute" security by ousting thousands of "risks" from government ranks. If they are now in danger of ousting some of the most valuable men in government service through following their own rules, well, that's the price of the game they started. But it's too heavy a price for the country to pay, and so the game must be stopped, and the rules revised to bring them into some relationship to the real world, where "absolute" security does not exist.

Senator Hubert Humphrey's proposal for a bipartisan commission to re-examine the entire Federal security program is therefore welcome, and long overdue, news. The nation obviously must have security, but security is too serious and sensitive a business to allow its exploitation for partisan gain. It should not become the stuff of which campaign rhetoric is made. The quest for security is necessarily a quest for balance and intelligence. These are qualities which the present security program has too frequently lacked and which a new approach must try to reintroduce into this major problem in our national life.

THE DEMANDS OF HIGHWAYS

TOLL roads supply a good index to the nation's rapidly accelerating needs for new highways. Due allowance should be made for the fact that they run through and between big population areas, but receipts invariably exceed the most optimistic estimates of expected revenues from users. With population and production expanding at their present pace and new cars coming off the assembly lines at the rate of six million yearly, the need for stepping up American highway and secondary road construction is unassailable.

Moreover, union leaders and government economists concur that unemployment threatens materially to increase in the next few months. Highways are in the same category as schools and hospitals in that they are greatly needed in themselves and would also provide much additional employment.

As the President will undoubtedly explain in his special message on the nation's highway needs, the program he and his advisers envisage is to be

the responsibility of federal, state and local governments. Perhaps it will be handled by a new independent highway authority empowered both to build roads and to lend funds to state and local authorities. Concurrently, toll road construction under auspices similar to the present could be stepped up.

All this in one form or another seems inevitable. The United States is certain to become even more mobile. Communication will be easier, travel safer and less impeded and people able to live farther and farther from congested centers and still get to work. Certain losses are inevitable, however. To make way for these new traffic arteries some landmarks will have to be erased, families displaced from homes in which they have lived for generations and cherished vistas transformed—all in progress' name.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

TWO recent developments involving Spain are worth noting. First of all, the Spanish bishops are reported to be strongly critical of the government's curbs on the press. The medium for the latest protest on this matter was an editorial in *Ecclesia*, a weekly magazine which is often considered to be speaking for the Spanish bishops. It is the only uncensored publication in the country, and reportedly no editorial appears in it without the prior approval of Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, the Spanish primate.

As noted in these pages at the time, *Ecclesia* criticized the government some months ago for its rigid hand on newspapers and magazines, religious and secular alike. At that time the editor-in-chief of *Ecclesia*, Father Jesus Irabaren, argued that a strictly government-oriented press is not in the national interest.

Present criticisms of the Spanish government on this issue were apparently provoked by a speech recently delivered by the Minister of Information in which he described those who "clamor for the so-called freedom of the press" as "very backward people." Like many others, in Spain and out, the Minister of Information tried in his address to identify the position of the Spanish government with the official teaching of the Church, citing papal encyclicals and statements to back up his own views. In its reply, *Ecclesia* makes quite clear that it differs sharply with the Minister's position.

Speaking of public opinion, the Spanish weekly said: "Public opinion as intended by Pope Pius XII is an asset to every normal society. If it were to be forced from above, it would violate the

rights of the human being and the dignity of the newspaper man." And citing arguments against governmental control, *Ecclesia* said: "Those who rule are neither infallible nor without fault. And the same may be said for public opinion." Those who refuse to allow free discussion "indicate that they do not have sufficient reasons to defend their point of view."

Shortly after the editorial on the press and freedom was published in *Ecclesia*, news arrived of another apparently unrelated but nevertheless important happening. In this case, Bishop Antonio Pildain y Zapiain of the Canary Islands stated in a pastoral letter that Spain's state-controlled unions were neither true trade unions nor in full conformity with the social teachings of the Church. Significantly, Bishop Pildain is regarded as one of the most active prelates in the Catholic social action movement in Spain, and his see is a suffragan of the archdiocese of Seville.

In his pastoral letter, reported on by the National Catholic Welfare Conference Press Service, Bishop Pildain declared that Spain remains "tied to a trade union system under which the state, and only the state, regulates the conditions of labor." Pointing out that the prevailing state-controlled union system has aroused great antipathy in Spain, the Bishop explained that since the Spanish hierarchy as a whole had made no explicit statement on the matter it had been publicly claimed in his diocese that this silence meant that the government-dominated union system was accepted as truly Catholic. Under these circumstances, he said, he felt a duty to speak out, "since it is our duty to watch over the souls confided to our care." To tell Spanish workers that existing trade unions are "the full realization of the social doctrine of the Church" might lead, the Bishop warned, to "total disillusionment and force them into the abysses of Communism and anarchy."

It would be easy, of course, to place too much stress on the criticisms of the government in *Ecclesia* and on Bishop Pildain's pastoral letter. Even coming together as they do, these events remain only two items in a very complex picture. But they do seem important enough to justify the increased interest with which outside observers will view events in Spain in the months ahead.

THE KRAUS CASE

IN the early thirties Arthur J. Kraus, a professor of philosophy at the City College of New York, organized a student march from City College to Columbia University in protest against the rise of

Communist and Fascist totalitarianism and in support of an international organization to uphold democratic principles. For the same purposes he undertook a widely publicized hunger strike. As a result of these unusual procedures a board of psychiatrists declared the professor "a man of mentally unsound make-up" and in 1933 he was dismissed from the faculty of City College.

All this was twenty-two years ago. But Professor Kraus is a man tenacious in his convictions, and during these twenty-two years he has carried on a one-man fight to vindicate himself and his cause. Believing that in his disgrace and academic ruin he was the victim of a prejudice which mistook intense idealism for emotional unbalance, he has dedicated his life to setting the record right. For in his personal history, he is convinced, there is involved the history of the times—of the rise of totalitarianism and of America's tardiness in organizing to oppose it.

In 1949 a fact-finding Committee to examine the evidence in the Kraus case was formed in New York. Serving on the Committee were several distinguished educators, clergymen, and journalists. They found that in 1933 grave injury had been done to Professor Kraus and asked that the New York Board of Higher Education re-open his case. The Board refused.

Professor Kraus then attempted to gain an international audience for his case by lecturing abroad, hoping, eventually, to have his case brought before the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. In this attempt he was again frustrated. The U.S. State Department canceled his passport and, at this time, all efforts to have the passport returned have been thwarted.

Here the Kraus case stands. Its history is Kafkaesque: the story of a man who for almost a quarter of a century has searched after vindication, knocking at every door to demand a hearing, finding every door slammed, with no adequate explanations offered. We do not—and cannot—here attempt to render a final verdict on the episode at City College in 1933. But we think it obvious that the case should be reopened as requested by the 1949 fact-finding Committee, and that Professor Kraus should be free, as any United States citizen should be free, to make his cause known anywhere in the world.

Unless it can show good cause to the contrary, the State Department should therefore restore Dr. Kraus's passport, and his case should be reopened by the proper authorities. Here is a man who demands a hearing; he must be given one. His long, lonely pursuit of vindication is, in itself, one of the moving stories of this age.

The Burden of Arms

"WE IN EUROPE ARE SUBJECT TO MATERIAL LIMITATIONS
WHICH ARE INCONCEIVABLE TO MOST AMERICANS"

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IN order to arrive at a full realization of the basic strength of still-free Europe, it is necessary to compare the wealth of these nations with the maintenance cost of modern armies, not to mention the expenditures of modern war. Today both the quality and quantity of armaments are of prime importance. The tragic example of Polish Uhlans attacking German tanks with their lances is still fresh in our memories. Yet the ability to turn out a modern war machine depends upon the industrial skill and the financial resources of the individual nations.

Especially in democracies where the standard of living cannot without impunity be lowered beneath a certain level, the national income, relatively and absolutely, is a good indication of the nation's war potential. (Thus if a nation has a predominantly agrarian character, it suffers from a serious military handicap.) In a totalitarian dictatorship, on the other hand, where political or economic dissatisfaction cannot be openly expressed, the situation is quite different. Through brutal taxation, through inadequate wages or the retention of salaries, these nations with a slave-labor economy are able to maintain military establishments out of all proportion with their national wealth. The defense budget is decided upon *in camera*, and the "citizenry" (which hardly merits this designation) has to work to the utmost of its capacity.

In democracies, governments have to be much more modest in their aims. This is especially true in peacetime when the immediacy of the menace is less apparent. If taxation is too high, there is always the danger that a party promising lesser sacrifices will replace those more realistic in their demands.

Armaments in free nations are possible only in the measure that the people are convinced of the actual or potential threats against their country. Demagoguery can play both tunes—that of maximal or minimal armament. At the present, totalitarian state-demagoguery in the East plays up the "threats" (while planning aggression), while a certain party-demagoguery in Western Europe minimizes the real danger

in order to win immediate popularity. (To what extent a demagogical, but not entirely irresponsible party, once in power, will make good its promises of "less sacrifices," naturally is still another matter. Patriotism may prove stronger than promises.)

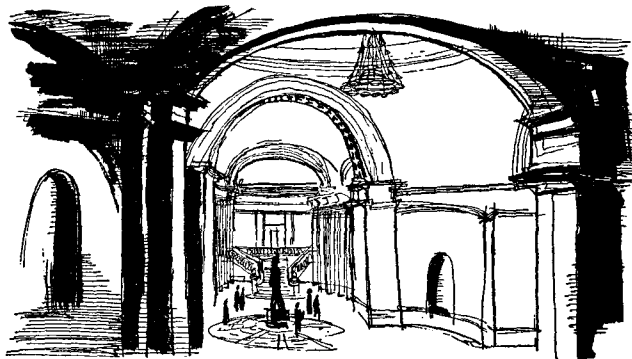
Americans who themselves have made such immense sacrifices for the defense of the free world now are rightly worried about Europe. There is no doubt that Europe, viewed from across the Atlantic, often plays a very sad, if not a sordid role. In matters of self-discipline, unification, methodical anti-Communism, the Old World's record is often discouraging. Yet, on the other hand, we over here are subject to material limitations which are inconceivable to most Americans.

TAKE, for instance, the case of Austria. An American Senator who visited Austria two years ago was struck by the atmosphere of wealth and well-being. He inspected the houses of the peasants and, though hardly impressed by the plumbing and the gadgets, he marveled at these solidly constructed dwellings made entirely of brick and stone and lasting for centuries. (It would be against the law to build a frame house.) In most cities he visited he asked to see the slums and discovered that there were none. The people in the street looked healthy; most cities boasted of excellent, sometimes even luxurious hotels. The number of cars was, of course, restricted, but there was a cleanliness to be observed which is usually identified with wealth. No great wonder that the Senator left with the impression that Austria was relatively better off than the United States. And, as if to confirm the Senator's views, ECA aid was stopped on January first of last year. Austria has returned to normalcy, indeed, and when the news came through that American support had ceased, the feeling was rather one of pride and self-satisfaction than of uneasiness. Our balance of payments with the European Payment Union is in the black. We, once again, have come of age.

Austria is an example worth studying because she

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn is an Austrian novelist and political writer. His latest book is *Black Banners*.

occupies from every point of view a median position. This is important, because it is absolutely impossible to make generalizations about Europe; every nation, especially viewed from an economic angle, is a case in itself. Austria's resources, her standard of living, her national income are relatively *lowest* among the nations north of the Alps and the Pyrenees, but they are *higher* than those of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece and, quite naturally, Yugoslavia.



The country which comes nearest to the economic level of Austria is France, yet comparisons, in this case, are particularly difficult because the ways of life of these two nations cannot easily be brought under the same denominator; the average Frenchman and the average Austrian have divergent material aspirations. (As a matter of fact, a French worker could have a substantially higher living standard than his Austrian colleague, but he will spend as much as sixty or sixty-five per cent of his income on food, which results in what an Austrian would consider a lopsided budget.) France, in addition, is saddled with a constant financial drain which is absent in Austria: an army and, until recently, a war in Indochina.

Today Austria has not a single soldier. Before the *Anschluss* in 1938 Austria boasted of a stable, almost "hard" currency, yet was saddled with about 380 thousand unemployed. Today the population has risen slightly to nearly seven million, and unemployment is down to one hundred thousand. With the establishment of an army, taxation would have to be increased, but unemployment might disappear. The black market today is no more. Production is much higher than it was in 1937. And in spite of two terrible spoils of the middle classes through so-called "currency reforms" (eliminating eighty to ninety per cent of all savings), it can be said that normalcy is here again. Yet what, in precise terms, is Austrian "normalcy"?

It is obvious that we are talking about normalcy in a concrete case, about normalcy for the Alpine remnant of Austria, created in 1918 and revived in 1945, and not about abstract normalcy. It is the "normalcy" of a country with very few natural resources (our oil being exploited by the Russians),

with no investments abroad (as Switzerland has), with almost one out of three citizens living in a capital cut out to be the center of a realm of 52 million people. We Austrians have to live by our wits, by hard toil—but mainly by tightening our belts. Still, we are neither on the top nor on the bottom of the economic ladder. For Europe we are therefore truly "exhibit A."*

HOW, then, are Austrians actually living? How accurate is the impression the American Senator carried home? Obviously, it makes no sense to look at the picture merely by "translating" Austrian prices and wages into dollars and cents; incomes and expenses have to be brought into a mutual interrelationship. Thus if we say that an unskilled Austrian worker earns between \$33 and \$44 a month, we have not made any statement as to his standard of living. A skilled worker would receive in wages between \$40 and \$70; a highly skilled worker between \$60 and \$100 a month. Taxes begin after a total family income of \$80 a year, but they start very low and at the top assume, finally, a confiscatory character. (The new German tax reform, on the other hand, abolished the confiscatory taxes at the top. They stop with 55 to 65 per cent.) Taxation is usually made at the source.

In the white collar group the salaries are no higher. Thus a school-teacher has an initial salary of \$32 a month. He or she will not rise above \$52. High school-college professors will move (after they had paid their taxes) between the \$40-\$80 margins. Assistant professors at universities will start with as little as \$20 dollars per month. Full university professors will rarely get over the \$120 margin. Postmasters will be in the \$35 to \$60 class. Civil servants in federal service are not much better off either. Thus the chief of protocol in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs—a man with a great many social obligations—will have to be content with \$120. With the exception of the ministers, the Federal Chancellor and the President of the Republic, no *net* salary in this category will reach the \$200 mark, yet skilled mechanics will earn as much as fifty cents an hour. (In 1948 a "fully employed" baby sitter in New York, working a theoretical eight hours a day, earned considerably more than the President of the Austrian Republic, whose salary has since been raised.)

Doctors and lawyers will rarely have incomes of

*The reader is reminded that the division of Austria into an Eastern and a Western occupation zone has not the same political and economic effects as in Germany. Austria has one government, one currency, one way of life; the territory of the republic forms one customs unit. There is a constant drain through the Russian occupation on account of the Soviet exploitation of our oil fields and the tax-exempt USIA factories and stores. On the other hand, we have our U.S. occupation troops who are truly "paying guests" providing our economy with more than a trickle of dollars.

more than \$140-\$180 per month. Priests in Austria have lower middle-class living standards—which means *lower than working-class* standards. Even the Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna, before the *Anschluss*, had only \$3,800 dollars a year. Pastors today will get hardly above the \$60 a month level, which is less than what they get in Germany but about three times what they get in Spain, the classic country of the ecclesiastic proletariat. (A very large sector of the French clergy also lives in unbelievable misery.)

SO much for the incomes. What can be bought with them? It is true that many things are cheaper in Austria than in America, as, for instance, not only the frozen rents in the older buildings, but also the “frightful rents” in new buildings—up to \$40 a month for modern four-room apartments. Meals in restaurants can be had for as little as 30-45 cents while room and board in non-fashionable Alpine valleys have a minimum rate of \$1.35. Luxury hotels charge from \$4 to \$6 American plan.

Services always are inexpensive and so are individually produced goods. Yet for butter one has to pay 65 cents a pound, for eggs, according to season, 42 cents to 72 cents a dozen, for steak 62 cents a pound, for a cup of coffee 15 to 20 cents in the café. Milk is 28 cents a gallon. This means, in other words, that an Austrian doctor has to visit three private patients in order to buy two pounds of butter. A semi-skilled American worker earns two pounds of butter every hour; an Austrian worker has to work two hours in order to buy one pound. Thus the earning power on this level is 1:4 in favor of the United States. The Italian worker toils on the average of two and a half hours for his pound, the German laborer only one hour and a half, the Swiss worker less than one hour.

It is the prices of materials which are so high for a low-income country like Austria. A pair of ready made shoes for men will cost about \$10-\$12. A ready-made suit will cost around \$40 to \$45 dollars; custom-made it will be about fifteen per cent higher. Worst of all are industrial articles of a mass-manufactured character. Thus a small car about the size and power of a Nash Rambler sells for almost \$3000. Still smaller ones are available for \$1800 to \$1900 dollars. Here we are entirely beaten by countries like Germany producing the Volkswagen which costs about \$1,100 or France with its C-4 Renault which costs less than \$1000. To make matters worse, we have to pay for a gallon of rather inferior gasoline no less than 62 cents.

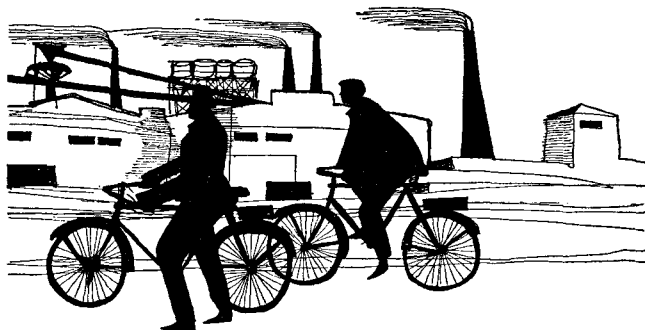
Naturally, a glance across certain borders will show a different picture. Switzerland is a case all by itself. It shows what Europe might have been if it waged

no wars and if it had stuck to its own political genius instead of imitating foreign forms of government—and failing in that game. In Germany the white collar worker is a great deal better paid, and the worker too, but in Italy, or even in France, the situation, by and large, is worse.

IN Germany a man-hour brings in roughly 30 to 40 per cent more goods, but the Italian man-hour has a reward roughly 15 to 18 per cent below Austrian standards. A semi-skilled French worker will make about 80 to 85 dollars a month, but he will pay \$1.50 to \$2.25 for every decent meal in an average Paris restaurant. The enormous hidden taxes are responsible for this situation. He will pay something like \$13 to \$15 for a pair of shoes. Since he is addicted to a good cuisine, a “vice” reaching even into the lowest economic classes, he will be left with very little for his clothes, his apartment, his recreation.

Frequently one hears from Communists (and tourists) the argument that an “equitable distribution” of wealth might remedy the situation in Southern Europe. The ostentation of the rich (and new rich) in some places suggests such a solution, yet actually even the most radical social engineering along these lines would provide the masses with only a few extra dollars; the wealthy top is too small to make its spoilation a worthwhile social experiment—though it might have political and psychological effects.

Since I am an Austrian myself, let me say that this article is not in the nature of a complaint. As a matter of fact, even a *minor* increase in our living standards would be sufficient to transform us into a very happy nation. Our middle classes could be happy and stay healthy with, let us say, two meat dishes a



week, one full meal every day, one pair of good shoes every year and one good book every month. We in Central Europe have learned to enjoy life with very little. And now, slowly and gradually, in most countries we can dispense with American *economic* aid. We ought to do it for your sake and for our sake, because it is intrinsically harmful to lean permanently on others. A parasitical existence, needlessly indulged in, poisons the best international relationship.

THE question of defense preparations and armaments, on the other hand, is one different from living standards. Though under the present circumstances there is no chance for the establishment of an Austrian army, a nation like Austria would immediately be bankrupt were it to buy, let us say, twenty heavy bombers. Armament is such an important factor in a modern war that not only Austria, but all of Western Europe, is forming an area of "limited sovereignty," of "limited independence." Any country, any nation, any continent incapable of defending itself effectively by its own means and efforts, has ceased to be truly sovereign and thus becomes somebody's dependency.

We all have to face the fact that there are only two genuinely sovereign nations left, and that the rest of the world has to seek protection, alliance or co-operation with one of the two. Under the circumstances the very idea of a third force is an idle dream. The "mediatorship" of totally impoverished (and, sometimes, even ideologically divided) nations—whatever their brawn and their brainpower—is an illusion and often nothing but a psychological *ersatz* complex for a lost dominant position.

Not only in the field of economics, but particularly in military matters, we free Europeans cannot but continue to be a charge of the United States for a long time to come. We are a modern Greece which can only beat back the Persian tide if Macedonia

leads and unifies us. At present not only the East, but the very center of Europe is in Russian hands. Only for a very short stretch is the Elbe River the dividing line between the two worlds; the Iron Curtain is only one hundred and twenty miles from the Dutch border.

If we again ask the question: Europe, Ally or Dependency? the answer must be that in economic matters we are slowly reaching a certain amount of autonomy. On a purely economic level Europe is finding her bearings again. Yet there remain the serious loss of economically complementary Eastern Europe and the limitations natural to non-continental, national economies. This particular weakness with the ideological division of important countries like France and Italy will prevent Europe from becoming soon an *equal* partner of the United States in the struggle for freedom.

"Normalcy" of the 1925 level is not enough. The rise of an industrial society in countries like Germany, Austria, etc. in which the economic class differences are increasingly eliminated, augurs well for the future. The delay of this process in France and in Italy is a grave problem which one ought not to lay entirely at the door of the "ruling classes." Apprehensions and hopes color the prospects of the future. Still, the observer trying to be objective will have to arrive at the conclusion that Europe today is merely on the way from the status of dependency to that of a possible ally.

EXODUS IN INDOCHINA

Slow Boat to Freedom

HOWARD R. SIMPSON

DIEN Bien Phu seemed a long time ago. The battle for Indochina was finished—or at least one stage of it. Soon all of North Viet Nam would be in the hands of the Communist Viet Minh. As far as we were concerned, there was nothing to be done now except to help those who wanted to escape before the Communist troops arrived.

I was in Haiphong, at the Hotel Regina, which had become something of a temporary headquarters for many of the Americans who still remained. After a hurried breakfast in the darkened dining room, I climbed into the jeep alongside a grinning Chinese

driver and drove through the early morning traffic toward the Hanoi-Haiphong highway. It was only 6 A.M., but the streets were already crowded with cycles, military vehicles, and young Tonkinese women carrying market produce slung from bamboo poles. The French too were on the move, I found; as we reached one of the bridges at the edge of the town, we were held up by a twenty-truck French military convoy that inched its way across the single-lane bridge with much grinding of gears and honking of horns.

Once out of the city the highway was bare of vehicles, and we made good time, bouncing along at breakneck speed, coming dangerously close to the

Mr. Simpson is a press officer with the U. S. Information Agency, now in Indochina.

shoulders of the road on turns. On both sides of the highway the grey monotony of the Tonkin Delta stretched out till it reached the base of the purple mountains north of Haiphong. Pillboxes stood empty, and the barren fields of barbed wire looked dead and useless in the early morning light.

The refugees were to be evacuated by ship. We reached the beaching area well before the first landing craft was due to arrive, and none of the refugees had yet left the staging camp for the beach. A small U. S. Navy Higgins boat was pulled up on the beach, and two Marine Corps non-coms and some sailors sat a short distance away, part of the control team assigned to assist in loading the refugees. They sat and smoked and talked idly, waiting for the work to begin.



The driver of our jeep pulled the vehicle up alongside a small house about two hundred yards from the water, and we too settled down to wait. The driver pulled what looked like a roll of dirty newspaper out of his pocket. After unfolding it carefully, he disclosed a small square of sticky, gelatinous rice which he proceeded to eat. I just sat.

ABOUT 7:30 the first trucks pulled up to the landing. Here were the refugees. They were, for the most part, poor farmers straight from muddy, poverty-stricken villages of North Viet Nam. Their clothes seemed to have taken on the color of their surroundings. The men wore grey and brown jackets splattered with rough patches; most of the women live and die in the somber, rough, black cloth that doubles the heat of the Tonkinese sun.

The first truck of the day backed up to the landing. As it jerked to a stop, shaking up its human load, a few Vietnamese National Guardsmen rose out of the shade and walked over to the refugees. The Guardsmen comprise one of the gauntlets the refugees have to run—in this case an undermanned, inefficient gauntlet, set up to search the individual belongings of the refugees for weapons, grenades, animals or combustibles before they board the navy transport. Ac-

tually, their function is purely an act of presence; any real search of the refugees' belongings would hold up the whole operation for months.

The refugees climbed down from the first truck to begin the process, while the other trucks waited in line, with their occupants straining their necks in an attempt to see what was happening on the beach. Most of the refugees turned out to be old people and children. The Viet Minh Communists who exercise control over the villages apparently saw to it that the young men and women were detained. Occasionally a group of young Catholic militia men showed up, still carrying their ancient Enfields or Mausers; they had slipped out of their villages at night, one by one, and rallied at a given point to make their way to the Haiphong perimeter.

Some of the old men and women, their high cheekbones straining at wrinkled flesh, had to be lifted out of the truck by the more able. Bare-bottomed children tottered around the base of the truck, loaded down with household effects, sleeping-mats, and time-blackened pots. Small girls, hardly able to walk themselves, carried their infant brothers and sisters slung papoose-style in dirty linen.

Ninety per cent of these people were Roman Catholics, and many wore small, heavy-cut wooden crucifixes around their necks. Among the household effects of the first truckload alone were four framed portraits of the Virgin Mary. Three of the portraits were cheap color lithographs, but one was painted directly on glass, in the Chinese style, with heavy reds and blues, the halo and edges of the portrait rich with gilt. Many of the refugees had their teeth lacquered black in the Tonkinese style, and the more affluent had the shapes of hearts, diamonds and clubs cut into the lacquer to bring out the gold underneath.

Each family had brought what they could carry of their personal and household effects. As is so often the case in emergencies, the articles selected as most desirable were often the least useful in a strictly practical sense. As the refugees settled on the rocky beach to wait for the first boat, one woman tried unsuccessfully to hide her small kitten under the lid of a large wicker basket. An alert National Guardsman spotted her attempt and waded in among the seated peasants to snatch the kitten from her. The woman's husband raised his voice in loud protest, and in no time at all at least twelve people were involved in an ear-piercing, if futile, argument.

The American navy men were only mildly interested in the arrival of the refugees, but they moved closer to the National Guardsmen as they began their search, peering over their shoulders as they went through an occasional wicker basket. Once the Guardsmen had to wrestle with a grey-haired patriarch for possession of a kerosene bottle without which, he proclaimed,

"I will not be able to cook for my children." Finally, after hearing that his food would be cooked for him aboard the giant ship that would carry him South, the old man moved off mumbling quietly, still uncertain, his grey wisp of prophet's beard blowing over his shoulder with the offshore breeze.

THE first LSM came around the bend in the river slowly, pushing a flicker of white water in front of its bow. It hung for a moment almost motionless with the tide; then its screws kicked up a heavy froth and it slowly turned its bow toward the landing.

The trucks had been unloading steadily, and by now there was a large mass of refugees covering the landing. As the LSM turned toward the beach, with the tri-color of France snapping out straight from its signal halyard, the American navy men and the Vietnamese National Guardsmen moved among the refugees, shooing them away from the beaching point where the French LSM would drop its ramp.



The strong ebb tide made it a hard landing, and the muddy river water was kicked into white foam by the screws of the landing ship as it finally nosed into the beach, its bow grating on the pebbles. The ramp came down with a clang, and French sailors in grease-stained shorts and red-topped berets worked feverishly for ten minutes running lines ashore and making them fast. High up in his tower-like bridge the commander of the LSM sat shouting commands through a megaphone, one bare leg hanging over the armored plating.

On the shore the refugees watched the beaching with open-mouthed wonder. A new world, the world of the sea and modern ships, was about to open for them. Four hours away, lying quietly at anchor among the churchlike rocky islands of the Baie D'Along, a U. S. Navy transport waited to load these refugees, in number about two thousand, in order to take them to South Viet Nam. The refugees were unaware of this, however, and many of them contemplated the small LSM uneasily, apparently afraid that they would be crowded aboard the small landing craft for the whole voyage.

Finally the word to board the boat was given and a desultory stream of refugees nosed up the metal ramp into the hot, cramped, vehicle-deck of the LSM. Tarpaulins had been stretched over the deck to keep off the sun, but they in turn transformed the center of the ship into a fetid furnace. Old men clutching their tattered umbrellas led their families aboard. A forty-year-old son carried his aged, shaking mother on his back. One small child was afraid to enter the jaw-like opening of the LSM and turned to run down the ramp; her mother, already aboard, screamed to her from the deck, and a young U. S. Marine, his canteen swinging on his hip, chased the child and, laughing, carried her back to her mother.

In thirty minutes from debarkation time, if this trip followed the usual pattern, the LSM would start to roll in the swell as it headed toward the Baie d'Along. Nine out of ten of the refugees would become violently seasick and the hot crowded deck turn into a nightmare. Later that night, however, they would be safely bedded down aboard an American ship, fed a full meal of rice and fish, sprayed with insecticides and receive a preliminary physical examination.

The LSM filled with refugees. Its tongue-like ramp withdrew into its bow as the bow-doors swung to. The whole beach seemed to vibrate under the strain of the LSM's engine as the stern swung out and the bow grated free of the beach. One hundred and seventy-eight more refugees were leaving the Communist zone. As the loaded LSM headed downstream, an empty one headed in for shore and another load.

By now the sun was beating down hot and dry on the beach, and what had been mud a short time before now turned to dust. I removed the last roll from my Rolleiflex, motioned to the driver, and we headed back toward Haiphong. The Communists were one day closer.

AN APPEAL

Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph A. E. Fernandez, Superior General, writes us of the needs of the national Missionary Society of Gnan Dan Bhawan, North India. Its work is of increasing importance because of the difficulties now hampering foreign missionaries in India. This new order numbers five priests, seventeen seminarians and five Brothers. Funds for building are required for a hundred more candidates for the order and a novitiate for the year of intensive training. "We are also putting up an Ashram, a place of retreat where non-Christians can be received and instructed." Contributions for the housing and support of these native seminarians may be sent to Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph A. E. Fernandez, % the Society for the Propagation of the Faith (national office: 109 East 38 St., New York 16, N. Y.).

THE STAGE

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

IT would be idle to abuse William Archibald's dramatization of the Henry James novel; the play sustained an uncommonly poor press—there was, as an example, the comic critical spectacle of Brooks Atkinson's graciously conceding to James "a mind and a personality"—and closed in disrepute after four chilly exhibitions at the sumptuous new ANTA Playhouse. Yet an echo of splendor lingered through the evening, notably in the physical aspects of the production: in Cecil Beaton's costumes which expressed an opulence of class without asserting it; in the exquisite patio—its fluted pillars framed severely against a cobalt Italian sky—which the Eckarts designed for Osmond's Florentine villa. Three performances, too, without hewing strictly to the Jamesian modeling, lent fineness and a strength of line to the portrait. Cathleen Nesbitt's Countess Gemini had a vivacious malice rather too consciously eccentric but nonetheless theatrically striking while Robert Flemyng—though he did not achieve the proper degree of Osmond's brooding malignity—gave the role a beautifully hard, dry, over-bred finish: one thought of a Sargent painting suddenly projected into arrogant, immensely cultivated life. The Madame Merle of Barbara O'Neil was enveloped in a correct, clouded ambiguity, but one missed, fatally, the character's thrust of power: a critical failure, this, of the director José Quintero, who gave his production physical beauty of movement but little else. The remainder of the cast was disquietingly off key; the Warburton, I am exceedingly sorry to report, appeared to have been rented out for the evening from a *costumier*. Miss Jennifer Jones, as the overmastering Isabel Archer, gave a performance ambitious and well-willed but signally wanting in intelligence. Nothing was here of James' "certain young woman affronting her destiny." Isabel's delicate spiritual audacity declined into pertness, her voracity for experience into a banal curiosity. Above all, Miss Jones could not justify the weight of ideality with which James has invested the fictional Isabel; she suggested much more a Daisy Miller with pretensions than the troubled, archetypal heroine whose history resumes such an accumulated wealth of insight into "the complex fate" of the American and his experience.

But why censure an actress, when at the heart of the occasion the novel itself lay in ruins? One walked among its gutted corridors with a kind of deepening dismay that this grand palladian structure of American literature—James' "square and spacious house"—could have been brought to so small a space. Mr. Archibald

showed everywhere an impressive knowledge of the parent novel; the texture of his play was closely interwoven with the plundered richness of James' wit. Yet I am at a genuine loss to determine whatever remote *function* Mr. Archibald may have intended his dramatization to serve—whatever conceivable audience he expected it to interest? Not, surely, the intellectual minority, whose response to such a dilution could only be hostile. The indiscriminate mass, then—with possibly some concealed righteousness of intention about "bringing James to the public?" But the public was to be found at intermission yawning mightily behind its programs, and piqued into attention only by the happy accident of Miss Greta Garbo's gloomy Scandinavian presence among them. No—Mr. Archibald has done to James quite what Osmond and Madame Merle did to Isabel: he has made of him a convenience. And the failure of that attempt will yet be instructive if it gives pause to some of our most zealous practitioners of this dubious art of "adapting," stays the hand so industriously honing its surgical knife over those not yet dismembered bodies of the national literature. (*Closed at the ANTA Playhouse.*)

WEDDING BREAKFAST

MR. Theodore Reeves, whose "Wedding Breakfast" (*at the 48th Street Theater*) has been announced for a premature closing, slowly unwinds from the laconic center of his play a film of urban life in which figures from a contemporary landscape are caught in telling, characteristic postures. The foreground is preempted by crises of feminine life—marriage and domesticity chiefly—with the male represented largely as a kind of somber, solid background against which the drama of private integrity is enacted. The virtues of the play lie in a certain acuteness of observation, a shy wit, and the fact that, in his deeper passages, Mr. Reeves quietly succeeds in confronting some of the real demons of love.

Two aspects of a single theme—what Shaw called "getting married"—counterpoint each other: in the first—contemplating the romantic fortunes of a branch of the subway circuit—Mr. Reeves exploits a rather thin vein of gratuitous dialect humor, yet one not without a bizarre charm or its own somewhat grubby pathos. The second is entrenched in a world of considerably more complex psychology, and studies the spiritual temper of a girl once burned by love and twice shy. The portrait of her relation with a quite agreeably forthright young man—she tentative, advancing and retreating, corrupted by her own cynicism and ambition of class; the young man rough, genuine, certain only of his spontaneous impulses—is drawn

with a quick and responsive sensibility to contemporary mood. Less admirably, Mr. Reeves has permitted a radical confusion of intention to shake the authority of this established scheme: he tricks the girl into happiness, as it were, burkes the domestic middle-class tragedy of her situation. An unwise move, since it leaves an impression of the playwright's having undercut his own seriousness. Still, the piece is one to which I would return with great pleasure, and the performance—under Herman Shumlin's direction—cannot be faulted: Lee Grant's untroubled control of the many facets of a shifting and complex character is one of the season's decisive, distinguished rewards.

RICHARD HAYES.

OF NOTE

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE STATE

IN the *Winter Cross Currents* (3111 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.), Father Augustin Léonard, O.P., who teaches at the Belgian college at La Harte du Puy, writes on the question of the relation of Church and State. In the following excerpt, he speaks of the way in which the Catholic layman fulfills his political vocation:

The State, like every real being, needs salvation. Such is the dogmatic truth which inspires the Church's intervention in temporal matters where a moral factor is involved, as well as her refusal to accept total separation of Church and State. Where it seems on the surface to be only political imperialism, it is often necessary to observe more carefully and see the faith of the Church in the universal need for redemption.

Recalling that the State has been willed in the designs of Providence and that it is subject to the reign of Jesus Christ, Karl Barth draws the obvious conclusion that the State "would not know existence independently of the Church and the Kingdom of God." The State will be redeemed because it possesses the double character of providing for and receiving into itself "an *analogical image* of the Kingdom of God which the Church proclaims." The civil community subsists in equity, justice and peace only when bearing witness to the Christian community, an 'implicit and indirect' testimony, in the degree in which it is expressed in political decisions.

The Barthian theology of the State has the advantage of displaying the merit of the specific contribution made by the Christian community to political life, but on the other hand it tones down

the distinction between apostolate and political activity, and thereby it runs the risk of reintroducing all the confusions between the ecclesiastical sphere and the political domain just at the moment when it braces itself to forestall that event. When Karl Barth speaks of 'Christian political activity,' he is not concerned with political activity, properly speaking—a Christian political party seems unacceptable to him—but with the Gospel testimony indirectly reflected in public life. This ambiguity obtains in the very manner in which he defines the State. The State, described as a neutral magnitude, ignorant, pagan, situated between a natural right certified as wavering and illusory, and its analogical correspondence to the Kingdom of God, is no more than a blurred reality. On the other hand, the Christian community has the right to take part "in the very human quest for the best form of State and the most satisfactory political system."

All these elements of a theology of State would harmonize, so it would seem, if the intervention of the Church were distinguished from that of the laity and, in the life of the layman himself, his apostolic mandate were distinguished from his political activity properly so-called. These distinctions, in their turn, suppose the secular destiny of the State and the stability of the natural law.

The Church itself does not have to contribute to human efforts in search of a political system; its competence reaches only to the sacred or moral aspects of certain secular actions. The Church, all the while defending the sacred element inherent even in a secular life (as formerly in proposing the whole content of Revelation), gives supernatural testimony which is re-echoed implicitly and indirectly in political life but is not obvious in political decisions proper. The Church ignores the question whether a constitutional king is to be preferred to a president of a republic, whether the English party system is to be preferred to the American; it declares legitimate a resistance against an unjust invader but does not itself give the signal for mobilization.

The layman, on the contrary, can and should show political activity; it is through the political decisions, those of temporal affairs, that he takes *acting in a Christian spirit*, not just *happening to be a Christian*, that grace will reach out to the natural law—always threatened, always wavering—and that the State can build up a human civilization ready to go beyond the mere minimum grant of freedom of faith. In this sphere the action of the layman is controlled by political exigencies which have priority in the relative and

passing order of the secular destiny; his action can err because it is groping and because he does not know all the facts.

If the layman had only the duty of professing his faith so as to give a 'general orientation' to politics, if he did not have concern for *direct* impact on secular reality and for its transformation according to its own laws of development, the secular world would lose its only chance, not only of being sanctified, but of succeeding on the human level, since it can only attain its purpose if redemption reach it.

On the other hand, if the secular destiny of the State is not respected, if human endeavor is not loved for its own sake, the layman is reduced to making civic power a tool of the Church. It would be opening wide the door to clericalism to give the State the mandate of being an analogue of the Kingdom of God, without specifying that it can only be that by respect for its proper end. The abuses of a Christendom 'of the two-edged sword' were born of the will to make the empire a symbol and a preview of the Kingdom of God. Paradoxical as it may seem, the State can be saved only if Christian laymen reconcile in themselves the double fidelity of believer and citizen, the man of the Church and the man of the State. And, the State can be saved only in as much as each loyalty remains distinct. Sacral politics, or theocracy, on the contrary, tends always to the identification of the two, to defining the citizen by his visible membership in the Church or the believer by his allegiance to the State; it ends

disastrously in nationalizing the spiritual or spiritualizing nationalism.

The 'Christian State' is not one that guarantees the Church a privileged material position by means of a legal decision without any religious import; it is the one where Redemption exercises its healing and directive influence through laymen, whether labeled Christians or not, who work on the political structure and Christianize it, not just "decoratively" but "vitaly and realistically."

The historical development of laicization, if it is the cause of keen-cut distinction between Church and State, may be, providentially, the opportunity for a less superficially apparent but more vital and fruitful union of the two through the mediation of Christian subjects. For, according to the dictum of psychology, differentiation of functions is the condition for their more harmonious integration within the person. In fact, the states of the *ancien régime* often camouflaged their absolutism behind a Christian facade—Bossuet drawing from Scripture the doctrine of absolute monarchy—perpetrating not a few crimes against the Christian spirit by their failure to promote justice, liberty and elementary equity for all men. In a democracy vitally motivated by the Gospel, the State should help the Church to assure it its spiritual mission, but not give it a materially privileged position nor lend it the support of civil constraint—dangerous benefits which often have for their end the enslavement of the Church and result in hampering its spiritual activity.

BOOKS

The Survivor's Debt

WILLIAM PFAFF

FROM the beginning to the end of Arthur Koestler's autobiography, as regular as the chapter headings, like a rhythm, or, as he says himself, like a row of tombstones, are the obituaries: "... after that I never saw him again ... he died in a Nazi prison"; "two were killed in air bombardments; two died in concentration camps ..."; "a short paragraph in the Hungarian papers [in 1950] announced that he had been sentenced to nine years imprisonment for high treason and espionage"; "he was purged in 1937." Of this phenomenon of Koestler's life, he quotes the

words of Richard Hillary, a RAF fighter pilot who said of survivors: they have "to go on paying the tribute; for the survivor is always a debtor."

Koestler's work has been to pay off the survivor's debt, and such is this book [*The Invisible Writing*, Macmillan, \$5.], the second volume of "this typical case-history of a central-European member of the educated middle classes, born in the first years of our century."

That last sentence is, of course, wrong. Koestler is atypical for at least one reason: he managed to survive both Nazism and Communism and record both in

"The most pressing duty of Christians is to live the liturgical life, and to increase and cherish its supernatural spirit."

POPE PIUS XII

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books which are probably the most important political fiction of the last twenty years. Survival left him with certain qualities, the most unexpected of which are humor and extraordinary balance. His most significant quality is one which survival bestowed on him and which caused him trouble among the inviolated intellectual communities of his adopted England and in the liberal climate of the pre-cold-war West. That quality is one which is illustrated by contrast to another famous book, Christopher Isherwood's and W. H. Auden's *Journey to a War*, published in 1939, now out of print.

This writer came across the Isherwood-Auden book at the same time he was reading *The Invisible Writing*. Auden and Isherwood went to the Sino-Japanese war to write a report in prose and poetry. They were thirty-one and thirty-four, respectively. Their writing was brilliant and their innocence—in the convenient hindsight of sixteen years—marvelous. One could cite their amiable childishness, which gives their book the flavor of Young Poets at the Front (in beret and breeches) as well as their remarks about Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai "whose whole lives have been devoted to the workers' struggle," but only the former quality seems really genuine, and both characteristics serve best to show that neither were *engaged* in the sense that Arthur Koestler, ferociously serious Zionist, then Communist, then anti-Communist, has always been engaged.

Auden and Isherwood have produced serious literature, some of the most notable of our time, but it was confined to the conventions of Western society. The quality which Koestler has is the ability to deal with a section of contemporary experience that has been outside the conventions of our society and for that reason has been the most significant to history, to politics, and in the deepest sense, to the culture of our time and the generation to come. By "conventions" I do not, of course, refer to manners. I mean that it has been conventional and within the scope of rationalization for us to kill people in war, to gas them, to bomb them, but it had not been within the framework of our experience or working imagination to pile them into incinerators, make lampshades of their tattooed skin, or cause them to request execution as just punishment for heinous social crimes which in fact they have not committed. This eruption of evil has been like abruptly discovering that every closet in our peaceful cottage was jammed full of grinning, nodding, rotting skeletons. It has to be dealt with not only politically but also intellectually, and a very few writers have been able to do it; Koestler is one.

THE human desire to slam the door of such fetid closets gave Koestler some bitter experi-

ences. In 1943 the publication in *Horizon* of one chapter of *Arrival and Departure* which dealt with mass-killings brought protests against the author's morbidity. He wrote an emotional reply, saying in part: "You would blush if you were found out not to have heard the name of any second-rate contemporary writer, painter or composer . . . but you don't blush and you have the brazenness to ask whether it is true that you are the contemporary of the greatest massacre in recorded history. . . . As long as you don't feel, against reason and independently of reason, ashamed to be alive while others are put to death; not guilty, sick, humiliated because you were spared, you will remain what you are, an accomplice by omission."

The urge to keep the door closed is still with us. It showed itself most recently when the BBC broadcast a dramatization of Orwell's *1984*, and got the same reaction as had Koestler's *Horizon* piece. One gentleman, his back shoved desperately against the door, raged in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian* that *1984* was "commonplace Tory anti-socialist propaganda by an ex-Etonian former colonial policeman." Marching backward we go into the flickeringly-lit future.

The message of Koestler's autobiography is that the central problem of our time is that of ends and means—the enormously ramified problem of how to tell an end from a means and order one's intractable life accordingly. Koestler went to Spain during the civil war as a Communist agent and propagandist working under the cover of a news correspondent's job. His gradual alienation from the Party had already begun, questions were bumping around in the back of his mind, the secret writing began to be visible on the paper, but to leave a pseudo-religious commitment as passionate as that of Communist membership was not a matter of brittle decision. First Koestler's psyche had to be disentangled from the Communist utopia-father-universal solvent-career-community-cause where it was wound like spaghetti. When a Catholic leaves the Church, Koestler says, he does not write a letter of resignation. No more did he in his process of leaving the Communist Party.

K OESTLER was arrested by the Franco government at the fall of Malaga. He spent three months in solitary confinement, but was finally released after an international campaign carried on by Willy Muenzenberg, Koestler's friend, the propaganda genius who during the thirties had invented and carried to historic success the devices of the Communist front. But though he was free, Koestler came out of Spain quite a different man. During the three months of contemplation he had suffered an interior crisis which is scrupulously recorded in this book and which when eventually assimilated caused him to leave

the Party. The purgatory of his Communist involvement was over. "Purgatory is a painful experience; but no one who went through it is likely to wish that it should be erased from his past." But purgatory here does not open into heaven or hell but only into another purgatory. And what Koestler probably means is that those for whom men should weep are those who have never found their purgatory.

This book has literary importance, for there are few autobiographies with its clarity, acuity and maturity, and, one might add, its humor. It also is history of a very significant kind, telling of the odyssey of Europe in the thirties. Koestler made the real journey which others had traveled symbolically. He was a Zionist (as told in volume one, *Arrow in the Blue*), a correspondent in the first Zeppelin flight to the North Pole (a divertissement; Europeans did not particularly want to go to the Pole, even symbolically), foreign editor (at twenty-five) of the giant Berlin Ullstein publishing trust, and then, a Communist. He left Ullstein's, gave all he had, which was considerable, to his parents, and moved to a worker's flat. He traveled through Russia as a correspondent-propagandist (and in a hostel in Ashkhabad, Turkestan, heard the implausible sounds of Sophie Tucker singing "My Yiddishe Momma"; it was a record being played by Langston Hughes, the American poet, then a Communist sympathizer—one who, like Koestler, later revolted—who was also on a haphazard trip through Soviet Asia). He served the fabulous and attractive Willy Muenzenberg in Paris, nearly starved, knew many people of whom he writes movingly and too often tragically, and in the end went to Spain.

BUT the primary significance of Koestler's story is that it is one of an honorable company of books which have assimilated the adventures of our time. Our times—that term recurs in this article with embarrassing frequency. But our times are coming down all about us like a bombed cathedral and there are few who duck the falling debris well enough to talk about other times, other places. Only the British seem to have the national capacity for avoiding history while they make it (Koestler is talking about that when he wonderingly comments on the amateur-quality of the British Communist Party; Auden and Isherwood exemplify it in their capacity for turning a war in China into a camping trip). Our times haunt us, nag us like a woman, ride our backs and throttle us with embraces. "When one burns one's boats, what a very nice fire it makes," said Dylan Thomas. Koestler saw the significance of the fire of the thirties and plucked out the unburnable things, chief among which, according to Koestler, is the fact that humanity cannot be the justification for inhumanity.

The Inside Picture of Stendhal's Formative Years

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL.
Edited and Translated by Robert Sage.
Doubleday. \$7.50

By MARTIN TURNELL

IN 1799, when he was sixteen years old, Stendhal left his native city of Grenoble and went to live in Paris. He arrived there determined to win fame as a writer and happiness through love. It cannot be said that either of these projects met with immediate success. He planned his conquests with the care and thoroughness of an eighteenth-century *roué*, but in practice he was a timid and bungling seducer who was constantly rebuffed by his intended victims. He announced blithely that he was going to write comedies which would make him the successor of Molière in the French theater, but though he labored for years at his plays, went assiduously to the theater and even attended a dramatic school the experiment was a failure. It was a failure because he had no experience of life and because verse drama was completely unsuited to his genius. During the next twenty-five years he served his apprenticeship as a writer and acquired the experience which was to form the staple of his novels, but it was not until the appearance of his first novel, *Armance*, in 1827 that he discovered his true vocation.

Stendhal began to keep a diary in 1801. Now there is one fundamental difference between the diary and his autobiographies. *The Life of Henri Brulard* was written in 1835-6 when he was a middle-aged man. It gives an account of his childhood at Grenoble, but it is essentially a work of interpretation in which he tries to show how he had become the man he was. The diary is entirely spontaneous and records events at the time at which they occurred. It was not written from any romantic desire for self-expression. Its aim was purely practical. Stendhal used to describe himself as an observer of the human heart. He believed that the first task of the writer was not to study

humanity in general, but to get to know himself, and the diary was produced in obedience to a maxim which he had made his own: "Know thyself."

Stendhal's main achievement was the creation of a new type which I have called the "outsider" and which altered the perspective of European psychology, but there is a strong autobiographical element in the novels. Julien Sorel, Fabrice Del Dongo and Lucien Leuwen are all "outsiders," but they are also partial portraits of the artist seen at different moments in his career in different social settings. He regarded them with a mixture of irony and affection, but he endowed them with those gifts which life had refused him, and he enjoyed a vicarious satisfaction when they succeeded in enterprises in which he himself had come to grief.

The diary is a document of the first importance for the study of Stendhal and a primary source for biographers for the period 1801-14. It also offers an incomparable inside picture of the formative years, of that "education for life" which is the theme of four out of his five novels. We see him as a subaltern in Napoleon's armies during the Italian campaign of 1801, and as a non-combatant officer during the German and Russian campaigns. We see his début in Parisian society, the charming love affair with Mélanie Guilbert and the flight to Marseilles where he becomes a grocer. We are present at the unsuccessful attempt on the virtue of the wife of his protector, Pierre Daru. We follow him to Italy in 1811 where he finally succeeds in bedding Angela Pietragrua. All the time we listen to him scrutinizing the state of his emotions, analyzing his behavior with the women whom he hopes to seduce, praising himself when he feels that he has done well, and criticizing himself when he thinks that he has made mistakes.

The profoundest of these experiences were his travels, the Italian campaign, and his love affairs. The discovery of Italy not only gave *The*

Charterhouse of Parma its extraordinary freshness and life, it was also responsible for an awakening of the whole man. A taste for soldiering is a recurrent theme in the novels, and the love affairs provided him with the material for his heroines.

A fragmentary selection from the diary first appeared in French in one volume in 1888, but it was so defective that M. Henri Martineau, the greatest living authority on Stendhal, has declared that it does not "count." A further selection dealing with Italy appeared in 1911, but the full text did not become available until Debraye and Royer published their edition in five volumes from 1923 to 1935. It was followed by M. Martineau's edition, also in five volumes, in 1937.

The present volume is the first translation of the diary to appear in English. Mr. Sage explains in his introduction that his primary concern is the general reader. He has not translated the complete text. He has cut out material which is unlikely to interest the contemporary reader, reduced the two thousand duodecimo pages of M. Martineau's edition to some five hundred large pages, and retained only those notes which are absolutely indispensable to enable the reader to understand the events described by Stendhal. He has divided the text into thirteen sections, which are more or less complete in themselves, and has written an introduction to each section in order to give the reader his bearings. Owing to the loss of Stendhal's baggage during the retreat from Moscow, entries relating to the Russian campaign are almost non-existent. Mr. Sage has filled the gap by the inclusion of some highly entertaining letters which have already appeared in English in the selection from Stendhal's correspondence called *To the Happy Few*.

Although Stendhal is one of the two greatest French novelists, he is a difficult and somewhat elusive writer, and it seems unlikely that he will ever enjoy the same popularity in Anglo-Saxon countries as

Flaubert or Proust. For this reason any attempt to "sell" him to the English-speaking public has importance. I must confess to a personal prejudice against abridged editions which inevitably detract from their value as works of reference, but with this reservation it is right to say that Mr. Sage has done an excellent job. In spite of an occasional Gallicism his translation reads well. One or two of the introductions are a shade on the long side, but they will undoubtedly help the reader with little knowledge of Stendhal's life to follow the story and enjoy the book.

Deeper Meanings

INTRODUCTION TO THEOLOGY.
Edited by A. M. Henry, O. P. Translated by William Storey. Fides. \$5.95.

By LEO R. WARD

THE obvious merit of this first volume in the Theology Library is that here for once is a work in theology that, while scientific and with all respect for tradition, reads like a book. And that in part is what its publishers say they aim at. As they note, we have plenty of good catechisms and passable textbooks for colleges, and we have seminary manuals. Nothing else of wide diffusion is up to now available to the general educated reader who, far from being either a theologian or a professional student of theology, wants to and needs to enter into the deeper meanings of the liturgy, and the Incarnation, and the Redemption.

This general reader wants to and needs to, and I say he has a right to, get to these deeper meanings. This exactly scientific and carefully traditional work gives him a chance. Mere faithful translation of great works are helpful; mere repetitions—and we have plenty of these in theology and philosophy—are pretty deadly. At the same time we have as we have not had before, at least in this country, an immense and growing number of Catholic men and women, and no doubt non-Catholics, too, who want to have

access to an understanding of their faith not procurable in a ten-minute sermon on Sunday, or in textbooks and manuals.

Take a big question like this, in this first volume: "Does the Church make new dogmas?" We non-theologians seeking light want a reply more or less like the one given here, which reads in part: "It is only by defending herself against transformist or historicist theories, and under the influence of a new discovery of the historical dimension by secular authors, that in our days she advances towards a reflective awareness of development (Vatic., *De fide*; cf. Denz. 1800 and 1818). From the beginning, however, the Church felt that her tradition was a living reality, and that, though her own particular moment was no longer creative as in the apostolic era (John 21: 12-13), nevertheless, it has a no less fruitful knowledge of Christ: the Gospel parable of the mustard seed (Mark 4: 30-32), as well as the truth-function attributed to the Spirit of Jesus gave support to this conviction."

The series of six volumes is by a group of Dominican theologians, assisted by one layman. The bibliographies, appearing at the end of each main section, are made up of the more recent works now available in English. We hope the translation of succeeding volumes will read as well as the present one.

W. B. Yeats

THE IDENTITY OF YEATS. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. \$6.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

BEARING in mind the shortcomings of most Yeats criticism, one may try to define the excellence of this book in negative terms. First of all—and this is the significance of the title—it does *not* exalt one period of Yeats' achievement at the expense of others, as if the "Celtic twilight" poetry were (through pure coincidence) written by an inferior

poet of the same name as the author of "The Tower," "The Winding Stair," and *Last Poems and Plays*—or vice versa. Secondly, it does *not* focus on certain reputed "key" poems, while ignoring others written at the same time which present a conflicting viewpoint or lack the fashionable "ambiguity" or "irony." Thirdly, it does *not* postulate as the author of so much unmistakably great poetry a ridiculous, overbearing, or totally vague personality. Fourthly, it does *not* judge any poem primarily on the basis of the political, moral, philosophical or theological position adopted therein.

Some readers may regard the fourth negative as a vice rather than a virtue; however, I think we can all agree on the positive accomplishments of Professor Ellmann's book. In the first place, it provides a history and an interpretation of Yeats' symbols. The rose and the cross of the earlier poetry are shown to correspond surprisingly closely to the sphere and the "gyres" (cones, spirals or vortexes) of the later poetry. Oversimplifying for the sake of brevity, one may say that the rose and the sphere symbolize unity, perfection, peace, *being* rather than *becoming*; the cross and the gyres stand for diversity, incompleteness, conflict, *becoming* rather than *being*.

Though Yeats—like many another poet—deplored the dualism that sees spirit as eternally at war with nature, his best poetry undoubtedly sprang from awareness of this conflict. On the other hand, if the Christian mystic's unity with God had to be purchased by his abandonment of human concerns. Yeats felt that the price would always be too high. The argument that complete abandonment of self would bring complete self-realization never quite succeeded in convincing him. While thus never wholeheartedly a Christian, Yeats could never wholeheartedly accept any of the various occultist "reconciliations" or "syntheses" of spirit and nature that attracted him.

This fact brings us up against an awkward question which Ell-

mann conscientiously strives to answer. How could so skeptical a mind father so essentially affirmative a body of poetry? "By using a dramatic approach, even in lyric poetry," might be a fair approximation of Ellmann's reply. In almost every poem Yeats speaks through the lips of a character or characters (often archetypes rather than individuals) who affirm strong opinions; even when the poet seems to be speaking in his own person, he is dramatizing only one phase of his personality; every positive statement he ever made can be confronted with an antithetical statement from some other poem. No wonder Yeats constantly pursued symbols that would reveal the unity latent in diversity.

I find Professor Ellmann least successful when he attempts close verbal criticism, but it is typical of his integrity that he refuses to shirk a very real problem. The change in Yeats' symbolic language corresponds to an equally radical change in his poetic diction, though Ellmann carefully demonstrates to us that both changes occur more gradually than we were led to believe by other critics. Moreover, he shows us that the new diction models itself on common speech much less than Yeats himself seemed to think; also, while rejecting certain hackneyed types of archaism and inversion of word order, it fosters others. Though no longer the accepted poetic diction of the nineteenth century, it remains a *poetic* diction, differing sharply from the language of everyday prose.

This last argument Ellmann pushes too far, in my opinion. I cannot but *feel* that Yeats' love for the subjunctive was truer to Irish peasant speech than Ellmann will allow. One thing at least is certain: modern Gaelic employs the subjunctive mood far more than modern English. As for Yeats' preference for "that" over "who" as a relative pronoun, Ellmann says, "Yeats picked up this oddity from his father," implying that it was a personal idiosyncrasy. Ah, no, me dear man! No Irish politician who desires to remain a man of the

people dare say, in the time-honored American platform phrase, "A man who. . . ." He must always say, "A man that. . . ." For instance, "Here's a man that spoke Irish when there was no money in it!"

A further point—one which Professor Ellmann would modestly deny his competence to discuss—occurs to me in connection with this matter of Irish diction. I once—alas, only once—heard Yeats read his poems over the radio; at the time I was almost shocked by his extravagantly broad brogue. Later I came to realize that I must myself adopt such a brogue in order to capture the essence of his poetry's vowel and consonantal music. The subtle Irish cadence of the Dublin professional classes, a music that both Shaw and Joyce were masters of, seemed not to satisfy Yeats when he read poetry; instead he reverted to the brogue of the country people of Sligo, whom he had listened to so much in his youth.

But I have wandered too far on the back of a favorite hobby horse—that of the essential Irishness of Yeats. Professor Ellmann's greatest virtue is that he lets no hobby horse gallop away with him. No Irishman could have written so balanced a survey, though I think we'll have to elect Ellmann an honorary Gael for the shrewdness of this remark about Yeats: "He is Irish; he is also anti-Irish in an Irish way. . . ."

Stalinism

THE DYNAMICS OF SOVIET SOCIETY. By W. W. Rostow, in collaboration with Alfred Levin and others. Mentor. 50¢.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

ONE of the most serious problems in the struggle against Stalinism is that policy is too often discussed in terms of a naive image of Stalinist society. Far too many believe that anti-Stalinism is simply a case of counter-espionage. Thus, one often reads a description of the complex social process in Asia whereby Stalinism has made very

real gains as a case of "subversion." And until this conspiratorial image of a social system is abandoned, rational policy is almost impossible.

The publication of *The Dynamics of Soviet Society* in this low-priced edition may well have the profound merit of raising the level of discussion. The book is not startling, or even particularly original. The authors are quite fair in identifying the scholarship which they draw upon, like that of Barrington Moore or Merle Fainsod. And since this is a scholarly book, all the dryness of academese is present.

Yet Professor Rostow and his collaborators do present a rational analysis, a synthesis of data. For them, it is not a question of juggling the positions of the various Soviet leaders on the Kremlin wall during a May Day parade. They attempt to discuss the workings of the bureaucracy, its effect on science, the arts, etc., and they draw their conclusions from this kind of an approach. And because of this—and despite some substantial disagreements with their interpretation—I would recommend this book to anyone interested in the crisis of our times.

But having made this blanket endorsement, I would like to concentrate on the over-all framework of the book, specifically on some of those elements of analysis with which I would disagree. This involves the treatment of the historical causation of Stalinism, the dynamics of its continued existence, and its internal contradictions.

Rostow and his colleagues lean heavily on the paradox that the rise of Stalinism is better explained by Hegel than by Marx, by the power of Lenin's will rather than by the force of Russian history. The notion is not unfamiliar; among others, Franz Borkenau advanced it some time ago. Such an idea seizes upon an important truth. The organizational conception which Lenin put forward in *What Is To Be Done* is crucial in understanding the development of the October Revolution. It was rooted in history more than Rostow allows (the nature of the Czarist regime made conspiratorial organization a necessity), yet

it certainly drew a great deal of its strength from the quality of Lenin's personality.

Where Rostow goes wrong, I think, is in his judgment that all of the humanitarian traditions of socialism which were also involved were merely "baggage." With hindsight, he separates one element of Bolshevism from all the others and defines it as the essential element. Therefore, Stalin is seen as Lenin's heir. What this misses is the tremendous ambiguity of the situation. A decisive break was made by Stalin in order to elevate this one principle of Lenin's to a transcendental position. For Lenin had what a moral evaluation must regard as a saving grace: the merit of his own contradictions.

This "voluntaristic" interpretation leads, in turn, to another distortion, this time in the explanation of the basic motivation of Stalinism. Rostow and his collaborators write, "The first and primary purpose of this system of power has been its own preservation." This misses an important point which Hannah Arendt made in *The Origins of Totalitarianism*: that the basic fact in the modern totalitarian regime is that it goes beyond those actions which merely maintain its power. In the case of Stalinism, for instance, it was not necessary to initiate such a rapid tempo of industrialization or collectivization. If anything, these policies created opposition, especially among the peasantry.

In order to explain this fact, I think that we have to refer to the ideology out of which Stalin developed. Though he distorted Marxism, and even Leninism, those systems had a profound effect on his conduct. In 1945, for example, a rational motivation of power preservation would probably have ordained a let-up. Yet at precisely this point Zhdanov was in the ascendancy (at least the policy is associated with his name) and there was a rigorous tightening-up.

These are fairly basic disagreements. Yet despite them, the image of Stalinist society which Rostow presents is, to my mind, quite near the truth. It is seen as a bureau-

cratic totalitarianism, and, as a social system, the analysis is concentrated on the workings of the bureaucracy. Because of this, Rostow's surmises about post-Stalin Russia, though not original, are quite suggestive.

The first "contradiction" which he sees in the system resides in the fact that "The regime has sought to install a system which separates authority from administrative responsibility." Thus, production goals, even production techniques, are laid down bureaucratically from above, and are not related to the actual realities of production.

The second element making for change in Stalinism is seen as the consequence of the dictatorial centralization of power. This is, of course, related to the separation of authority from administration. On the lowest level, it means that the death of the dictator confronts the regime with an internal crisis. In the long run, it is a limitation on the effectiveness of power, and strong forces within the society demand its change. However Rostow

does not (and I certainly would not) accept Isaac Deutscher's thesis (first put forward in the biography of Stalin, more recently in *Russia: What Next?*) that an automatic tendency toward democratization is thereby set up.

I would disagree, then, rather sharply with Rostow's direct line between Stalinism and Leninism and a certain over-emphasis on the voluntaristic. The conclusion of this approach, that a simple motivation of power explains the development of Stalinism, is, to my mind, equally a distortion. But in the analysis of the way the society actually works, particularly in the discussion of the internal stresses of a bureaucratic totalitarianism, I find Rostow's treatment quite good.

Yet, whatever the substantial qualifications, one hopes that many people will read this book. It is low-priced, and it has the very real merit of attempting rational analysis of a social system and not relying upon a cloak-and-dagger explanation of a society which now embraces one third of the earth.



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